

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXVIII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER 30, 1873.

NO. 41.

Business Cards.

ELECTRO PLATING, by S. HOL-

TON, 4011 Middlebury, Vt.

D. R. CABLES, ERASER SOAP.

Manufactured by N. C. March, Middle-

bury, Vt. It is the best toilet soap in the market,

leaving the skin smooth and soft. It is also the

cheapest soap for washing dirty clothes. Try it

and you will never be without it. Many will

testify. For sale at C. & A. Hildes, 419.

R. H. MARDIN.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor

and Master in Chancery, Bristol, Vermont.

References—Hon. Geo. W. Brantley, Hon. C. H. Smith, Hon. J. H. Howell.

S. E. WING, MACHINERY—NEW AND

Second-hand, for sale or to rent. Pliers

for all purposes. Sewing and stitching

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Falling Leaves.

BY MRS. W. W. THOMAS.

No ruthless wind is sweeping through the valley.

No icy hand is wintry handle waves,

But beams of sunshine with the warm air daily.

While one by one drift down the autumn leaves.

We dream with saddened heart to hear them rustle,

To dream of days so quietly passed away.

To watch the solemn tone and life's battle.

That breathe of earthly glory and decay.

Oh, royal hours! so perfect and so golden!

Our hour of song in minor music grieves.

Too soon have we the farewell grace beholden.

Too soon our feet have passed the falling leaves!

We look to see them drop like birds of summer.

When some rare opportunist's hand arrests their flight.

Or like a wave-tossed flower when eddying currents

Slowly but surely bear it from the sight.

Then, woe, oh, leaves! the messenger of spring-time.

Whose radiant promise gave thee birth and snow.

Slowly but surely bear it from the sight.

Filled with perfume, and bright with sun and dew.

Thy gold and crimson wrap for us no longer.

The landscape that a Raphael's eye might prize.

The hues that have told of the year's decay.

The frost that waits in our darkening skies.

So autumn, while we list the oft told story.

And bid a moral with thy pensive leaves.

We breathe our souls with thy pensive leaves.

And tread the path of the falling leaves!

Prospect Home, Middlebury, Vt.

The Inglesby Episode.

It was as early as nine o'clock in the

morning, and Mrs. Eustace Inglesby had

been thinking for some purpose of his

own to the peach-orchard, which was sit-

uated three or four hundred yards from

Montrose Cottage.

The crowd of people who came to Path-

bridge for health and pleasure Summer

before last! Who that was among them

will ever forget the gaiety of that past

season!

Well, the Inglesbys will not, at any

rate; nor is it likely that the other peo-

ple who were present, for the Inglesbys

were a very married couple, and as to

the fun they unconsciously afforded

there was simply no end of it.

Eustace Inglesby was tall and rather

portly, and quite handsome. His wife

was a dear little woman, only about nine-

teen, and as pretty as she could well be.

Eustace was walking about alone in

the shade of the peach-trees. He had

slipped off here evidently to meditate.

No! I will not leave it! Do not

let me relieve me! I am a miser!

Let me plunge it into my heart!

He raised a small stiletto high in the

air, and was apparently about to bury it

in his bosom, when there was a shriek,

and from behind one of the trees a lady

rushed out.

"Oh, Eustace, what would you do?"

He paused, and hastily concealed the

deadly weapon in his coat-tail pocket.

A deep blush overspread his counte-

nance, and his manner was full of embar-

rassment.

"Well, dear, what is the matter?"

he asked endeavoring to assume an air of

indifference.

"That is the very question I was about

to put to you, darling," she said, throwing

her arms around his neck. "You were

about to kill yourself!"

"Nonsense! I—I was merely think-

ing."

"Yes, and talking to yourself—such ex-

cited language, too! Eustace, something

is on your mind. You have a secret from

me?"

He kissed her affectionately, and

smiled.

"Yes; but you shall soon learn all,